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# BATMAN AND SUPERMAN

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It was as if the city of Metropolis had gone crazy! Every automated system, from traffic control to skyscraper elevators, was going mad!



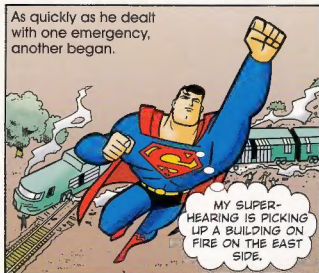
IN

# SUPERMAN Vs METROPOLIS



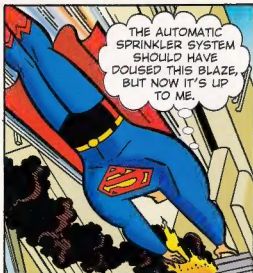
Superman had only just saved eight people from a falling cable car, and now he was stopping a runaway train seconds before it crashed. Could even he keep up with the chaos?

As quickly as he dealt with one emergency, another began.

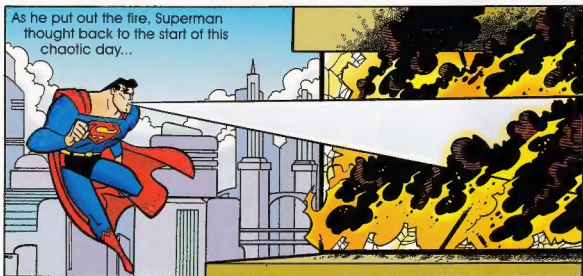


MY SUPER-HEARING IS PICKING UP A BUILDING ON FIRE ON THE EAST SIDE.

THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM SHOULD HAVE DOUSED THIS BLAZE, BUT NOW IT'S UP TO ME.



As he put out the fire, Superman thought back to the start of this chaotic day...

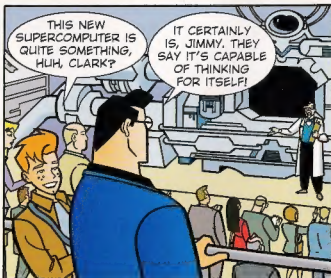


As Clark Kent, reporter for the *Daily Planet* newspaper, he had gone to a press conference at S.T.A.R. Labs...



THIS NEW SUPERCOMPUTER IS QUITE SOMETHING, HUH, CLARK?

IT CERTAINLY IS, JIMMY. THEY SAY IT'S CAPABLE OF THINKING FOR ITSELF!



The project chief proudly explained how the new computer worked.

IT IS DESIGNED TO CONTROL AUTOMATED SYSTEMS AND MAKE LIFE EASIER FOR HUMAN BEINGS.

WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT IS AN END TO HUMAN ERROR.



The chief was going to demonstrate the computer by allowing it to run an automatic assembly line, building toasters.



AS YOU CAN SEE, IT DOES IT ALL FOR ITSELF, AND CONTROLS EVERY PART OF THE PRODUCTION PROCESS.



WHEN WE GO FULLY ON-LINE, THIS COMPUTER WILL BE ABLE TO RUN EVERY ASPECT OF METROPOLIS FROM THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS TO AIR CONDITIONING.

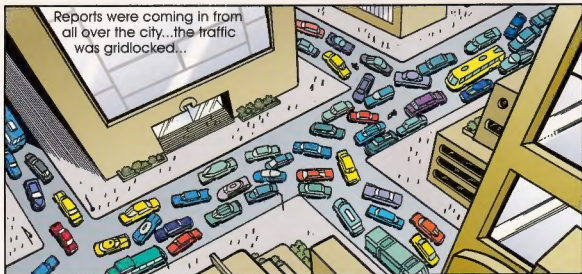


Suddenly there was a problem! Thinking for itself, the computer had begun to reach out and link into systems throughout the city.





Reports were coming in from all over the city...the traffic was gridlocked...



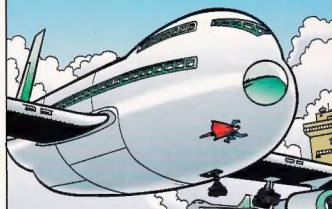
Sprinkler systems flicked into life... automatic doors opened and closed by themselves...



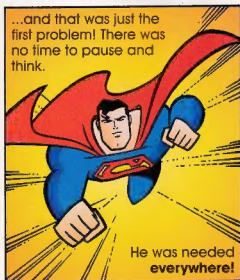
Clark Kent quickly slipped away from the reporters. He knew Superman would be needed at any moment.

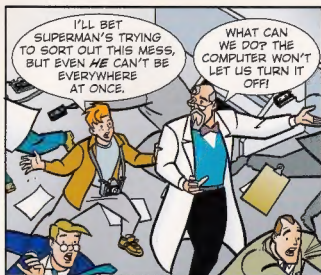


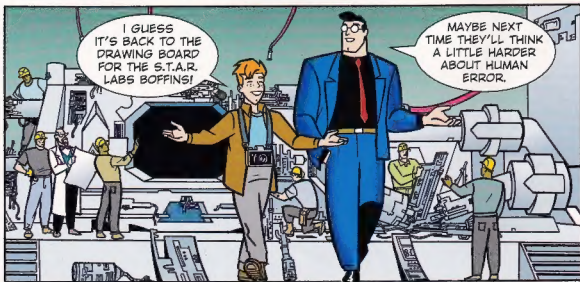
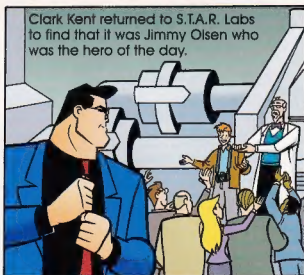
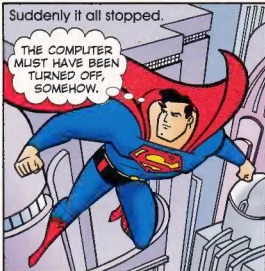
He managed to catch an airliner that was coming in too low because of faulty information from air traffic control...



...and that was just the first problem! There was no time to pause and think.









MOVIE TO READ

# BATMAN AND SUPERMAN





A crossword reveals a...

# CROSSPLOT

**A**lfred served breakfast at Wayne Manor every morning at eight o'clock sharp. But one particular morning, Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson had already been up for hours. As Batman and Robin, they had tried and failed to stop the Riddler from stealing a million dollars worth of diamonds from a Gotham jewellery store.

As they sat down at the table, Alfred served breakfast from a silver tray. He could see that Bruce was very concerned.

"You seem troubled, Master Bruce," said Alfred.

"It's not like the Riddler to pull a heist unannounced," replied Bruce, sipping

his fruit juice. "He always leaves a clue in advance in the form of a riddle."

Dick picked up the morning paper and turned to the crossword. "I'm sure the answer will come to you if you clear your head, Bruce. Let's do the crossword and get our brains ticking."

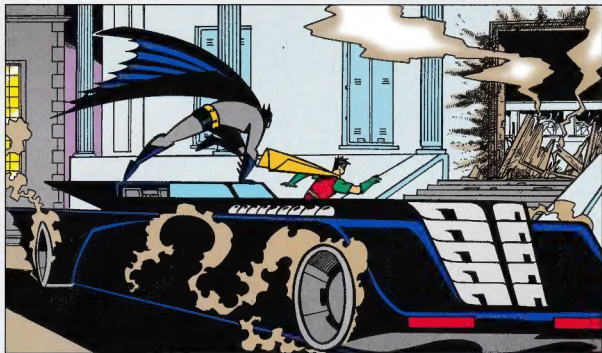
Bruce and Dick sometimes did the morning crossword against the clock as a mental exercise. They had been doing the clues back and forth for five minutes when Dick cried out in surprise and almost dropped his toast.

"The answer to seventeen across is 'Larkfield'! Nine letters, 'ground over which a songbird flies?' Larkfield! That's an amazing coincidence!"

Bruce took the newspaper from him and stared at the clue closely. "You're half right, Dick! Seventeen across *is* 'Larkfield'...which also happens to be the name of the jewellery store the Riddler robbed this morning. But I don't think it's a coincidence at all." Bruce looked up at his young crime-busting partner.

"The Riddler is leaving his trademark clues after all...in the newspaper crossword! He's hiding the riddles in the





crossword solutions!"

"Then how are we going to stop him?" asked Dick. "He pulled this morning's heist long before the paper arrived. We hadn't even seen the crossword when he was committing the crime!"

"I have an idea..." said Bruce.

The next morning, at Gotham Central Railway Station, Batman and Robin were waiting to collect the newspapers when the first bundle of the day was thrown off the delivery truck. It was still very early. As Batman drove the Batmobile at speed down the empty streets, Robin read out the crossword clues while they hunted for the morning's riddle. They filled in the solutions as quickly as their sharp minds could guess them.

"Ten down... 'Quarter fragment from a lucky plant', ten letters... the third letter is 'o'," said Robin.

"A lucky plant might be a four-leaf clover," said Batman immediately.

"And a quarter part of four leaves would be one leaf," completed Robin. "Cloverleaf! That fits!"

"It's also the name of the merchant bank on Exchange Street!" said Batman, and floored the throttle. With a roar of flame from the turbines, the Batmobile surged away down the street.

It was close, very close... but when they reached the Cloverleaf Merchant Bank on Exchange Street, the Riddler and his gang had gone. And so had the contents of the vault.

Back in the Batcave, Batman thought about their next move. A call to



the newspaper revealed that the crosswords were compiled by a writer who worked out of state and who faxed his crosswords into the newspaper each night for the midnight deadline.

"This mysterious compiler must be the Riddler or one of his goons," said Batman, "and the paper doesn't realise it."

Using the Batcave's sophisticated computers, Batman was able to intercept the fax the moment it was sent at midnight.

As midnight approached, Batman patrolled Gotham in the Batmobile while Robin waited in the Batcave for the computer to relay the

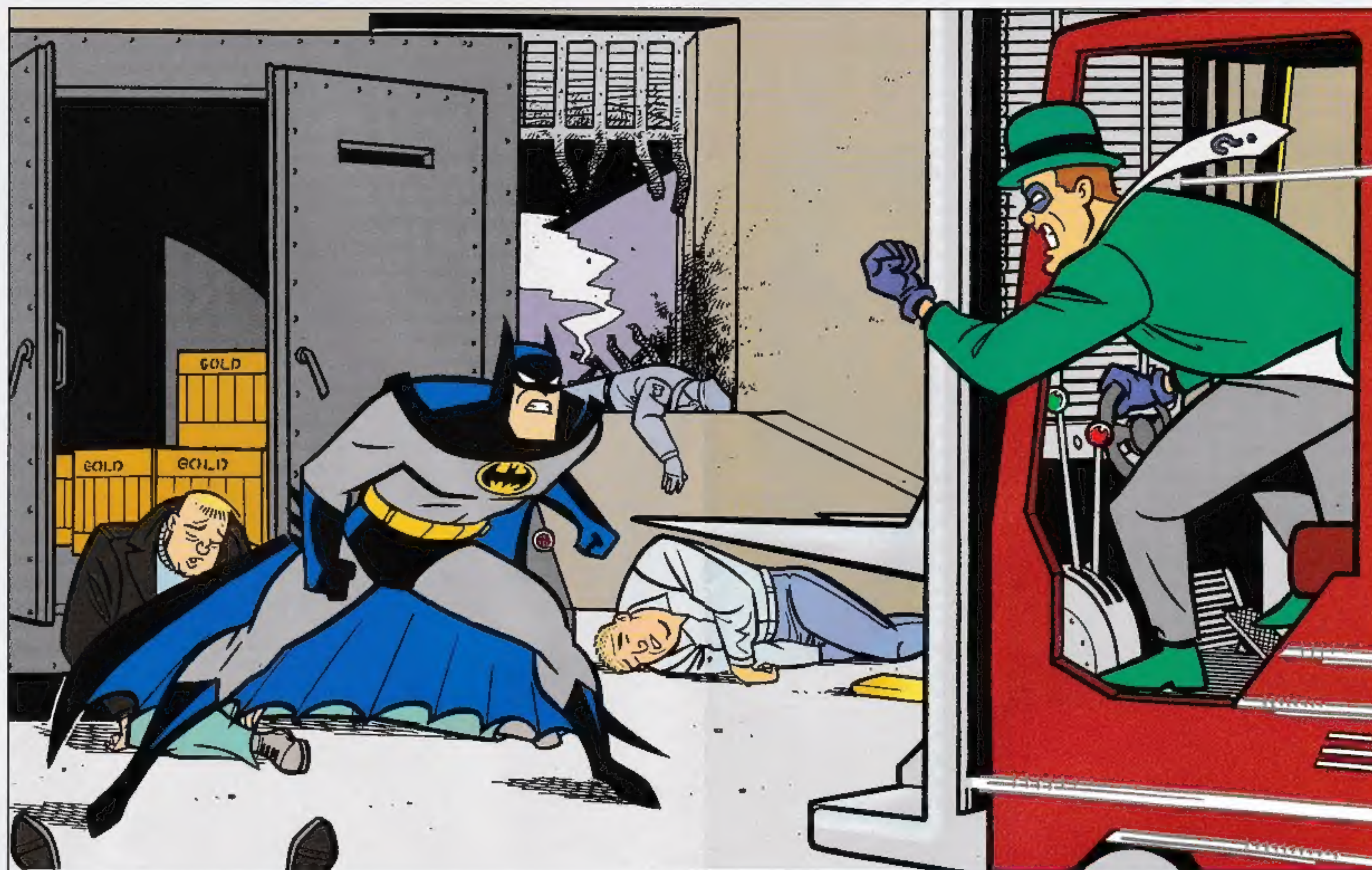
crossword. The moment it came through on the screen, Robin began to radio the clues to Batman.

"Eight down, two words, four and seven. 'King Midas's hesitation'. What does that mean, Batman?"

Batman thought hard. "King Midas was the legendary Greek ruler, whose touch turned things to gold. And hesitation might also be called ... 'reserve'."

"'Gold Reserve!' That fits exactly! The Riddler's going to hit the Gotham Gold Reserve!"

By then, Batman was powering the



Batmobile to the Gold Reserve building in the banking sector. This time he wasn't going to be too late. He leapt out of the Batmobile and raced down the side of the well-armoured building, over a chain-link fence and into the high security loading compound. There, armoured car deliveries were made to a vault gate at the rear of the Reserve building.

Four or five Reserve security guards were unconscious on the ground, victims of tranquilliser darts. The main vault gate was open. The Riddler had struck ... but a waiting armoured car

with the engine running and the loading hatch open told Batman that the getaway had not yet begun.

He leapt up on top of the car and ran to the rear. Looking down, he saw the Riddler and his gang using forklift trucks to load pallets of gold bars into the open hatch of the truck. The Riddler was less than happy to see Batman.

The Dark Knight dropped down feet first, knocking out two of the gang with deft kicks. Landing, he spun like a cat, dropping another gang member with a lightning punch.

"Get him, you idiots!" yelled the

Riddler from the cab of the forklift. One of the men pulled his machine gun and blasted at Batman, but managed to hit nothing more than the flowing trails of Batman's distracting cape. A second later, the thug had the gun pulled from his hands and was lying stunned from a right hook to the jaw.

Batman swung around to disarm and capture the last two gang members when the Riddler threw the forklift into gear. He charged it towards Batman, lowering the jutting forks to chest height. His intention was to run Batman through like a mechanical bull. The Dark Knight sidestepped the charge and

the forks slammed into the back doors of the armoured truck, punching into the metal and wedging fast.

The Riddler tried to free his truck, but was knocked out of the cab by a glancing blow from a well-aimed gold ingot.

"What are *you* doing here?" he snarled groggily as Batman pulled him up off the floor and cuffed him.

"I'll give you a clue...seven down," said Batman. "That is, *you* and your *six* thugs going *down* all the way to Blackgate Prison."

THE END